

A Rod for Run-awayes.

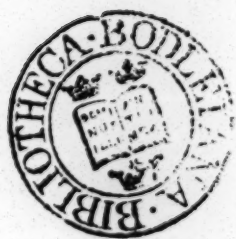
In which flight of theirs, if they looke backe, they may behold many fearefull Iudgements of God, sundry wayes pronounced vpon this City, and on seuerall persons, both flying from it, and staying in it.

Expressed in many dreadfull Examples of sudden Death, fallne vpon both young and old, within this City, and the Suburbes, in the Fields, and open Streets, to the terrour of all those who liue, and to the warning of those who are to dye, to be ready when God Almighty shall bee pleased to call them.

With additions of some new Accidents.

Written by T H O. D.







TO THE NOBLE

Gentleman, M^r. *Thomas Gilham*,
CHIRVRGIAN.

SIR,

IN this Vniuersall sicknesse, giue mee
leauē (in a few Leaues) to salute
your Health, and I am glad I can
do so. To whom, in an Epidemiall
confusion of Wounds, should a
man flye, but to Physicke and Chirurgery? In
both which you haue skill. In the last, the
World crownes your Fame (as beeing a great
Master.) Many of your excellent Pieces haue
beene (and are to bee) seene in this City. No
Painter can shew the like, no Limner come
neere such curious Workmanship. What you
set out, is truly to the life; theirs but counter-
feit. I honour your Name, your Art, your
Practice, your profound Experience: And to
testifie

The Epistle Dedicatory.

testifie I doe so, let this poore Monument of
my loue bee looked vpon, and you shall finde
it. The Sender beeing sorry, it is not worth
your acceptation : But if you thinke o-
therwise, he shall be glad,

And euer rest


at your seruice,

THO. DEKKER.





To the Reader that flyes, the Reader
that stayes, the Reader lying in a Haycocke, the
hard-hearted Country-Reader, and the broken-
hearted City-Reader.

 *Eader, how farre soener thou art, thou maist here
see (as through a Perspective-Glasse) the misera-
ble state of London, in this heauy time of conta-
gion. It is a picture not drawne to the life, but to
the death of about 23000. in lesse then twelue
weekes. If thou art in the Countrey, cast thine eye towards vs
here at home, and behold what wee indure. If (as thou canst
not choose) thou art glad thou art out of this Tempest, haue a
care to man thy Ship well, and doe not ouer-lade it with bad
merchandize (foule Sins) when thou art bound for this place:
for all the danger will be at thy putting in. The Rockes of in-
fection lye hid in our deepe Seas, and therefore it behoues thy
soule to take heed what sayles she hoyses, and thy body, what
Pyloie it carries aboard. Wee doe not thinke, but numbers of
you wish your selues here againe: for your entertainment a far
off cannot be courteous, when euen not two miles from vs, there
is nothing but churlishnesse. But it is to be feared, some of
you will get such falls in the Corne-Fields of the Country, that
you will hardly bee able (without halting) to walke vp and
downe London. But take good hearts, and keepe good legges
vnder you, and be sure, you haue hung strong Pad-lockes vpon
your doores; for in many Streetes, there are none to guard your
goods,*

A. 3.

To the Reader.

goods, but the Houses themselves. If one Shop be open, sixteene in a row stand shut up together, and those that are open, were as good to be shut; for they take no Money.

None thrive but Apothecaries, Comfit-makers, Butchers, Cookes, Coffin-makers, Clerkes, Sextons, Graue-makers, Herb-women, Bearers, Searchers: Coach-men ride a cock-horse, & are so full of Iadish trickes, that you cannot be iolted sixe miles from London, vnder 30. or 40. shillings. Neuer was Hackney-flesh so deare. Few woollen Drapers sel any Cloth, but euery Church-yard is euery day full of linnen Drapers: and the Earth is the great Warehouse, which is piled up with winding-sheets. To see a Rapier or Feather worne in London now, is as strange, as to meet a Low-countray Souldier with Money in his Purse: The walkes in Pauls are empty: the walkes in London too wide, (here's no iustling;) but the best is, Cheape-side is a comfortable Garden, where all Phisicke-Herbes grow. Wee wish that you (the Run-awayes) would suffer the Market-Folkes to come to vs, (or that they had hearts to come) for the Statute of fore-stalling is sued vpon you. Wee haue lost your companies, and not content with that, you robbe vs of our victuals: but when you come backe, keepe open house (to let in ayre) and set good cheere on your Tables, that we may bid you welcome.

Yours,
T. D.



God his fearefull Iudgements.



WE are now in a set Battaille ; the Field is *Great Brittain*, the Vauntguard (which first stands the brunt of the Fight) is *London* : the Shires, Counties and Countries round about, are in danger to bee prest, and to come vp in the Reare : the King of Heauen and Earth is the Generall of the Army; reuenging Angels, his Officers ; his Indignation, the Tumpet summoning and founding the Alarum; our innumerable sinnes, his enemies; and our Nation, the Legions which he threatens to smite with Correction.

Sinne then being the quarrell and ground of this warre, there is no standing against so inuincible a Monarch (as God is) no defending a matter so foule, as our sinnes are.

Sinne, the
cause of
the plague

Would you know how many Nations (for sinne) haue beene rooted vp, and swept from the face of the earth, that no memory of them is left but their name, no glories of their Kings or great Cities remaining but onely this, Here they liued, Here they stood? Reade the Scriptures, and euery Booke is full of such Histories, euery Prophet sings songs of such lamentable desolations.

All Nati-
ons vpon
earth pu-
nished for
sinne.

For, *Iehouah*, when he is angry, holds three Whips in his hand, and neuer drawes blood with them, but when our Faults are heauy, our Crimes hainous : and those three Whips are, the Sword, Pestilence and famine.

Gods
three
Whips.

What Country for sinne hath not smarted vnder these? *Ierusalem* felt them all. Let vs not trauell so farre as *Ierusalem*, but come home, looke vpon Christendome, and behold *Hungaria* made desolate by sword and fire, *Poland* beaten downe by battailes, *Russia* by bloody inuasions: the Turke and Tartar haue here their insolent triumphs.

Hungary.
Poland.
Russia.

Looke vpon *Denmarke*, *Sweden*, and those Easterne Countries: How often hath the voice of the Drumme called them vp? Euen now, at this houre, the Marches are there beating. How hath the

Denmark.
Sweden,
Norway,
&c.

Sword

Gods Tokens : or,

Italy.
France.
The miseries of
Germany.

Sword mowed downe the goodly Fields of *Italy*? What *Massacres* haue in our memory beene in *France*? Oh *Germany*! what inundations of bloud haue thy Cities beene drowned in? what horrors, what terrors, what hellish inuentions hath not war found out to destroy thy buildings, demollish thy Free States, and vtterly to confound thy 17. Prouinces? Gods three whips haue printed deepe marks on thy shoulders; the *Sword* for many yeeres together hath cut thy people in pieces; *Famine* hath beene wearied with eating vp thy children, and is not yet satisfied; the *Pestilence* hath in many of thy Townes, in many of thy Sieges and Leagers, plaid the terrible Tyrant. In all these thy miseries, the Spaniard hath had his triumphs; his Fire-brands haue beene flung about to kindle and feede all thy burnings; his furies haue for almost fourescore yeeres stood, and still stand beating at the Anuils, and forging Thunder-bolts to batter thee, and all thy neighbouring Kingdomes in pieces.

She may
thanke
the Spaniard
for them.

Englands
security.

Whilst these dreadfull Earth-quakes haue shaken all Countries round about vs, we haue felt nothing: *England* hath stood and giuen aime, when Arrowes were shot into all our bosomes. But (alas!) hath this Happinesse falne vpon her because of her goodnesse? Is shee better then others, because of her purity and innocence? Is she not as vgly as others? Yes, yes, the *Sword* is now whetting; *Dearth* and *Famine* threaten our Corne-fields, and the rauing *Pestilence* in euery part of our Kingdome is digging vp Graues. The three Rods of Vengeance are now held ouer vs.

Gods
three
whips
ready to
scourge
England.

And shall I tell you why these Feares are come amongst vs? Look vpon the Weapon which hath stricke other Nations; and the same Arme that wounded them, smites now at vs, and for the same

Sinne, the
offence.

quarrell (*Sinne*.)

The Gospell (and Gods Heralds, Preachers) haue a long time cryed out against our iniquities, but we are deafe, sleepey and sluggish; and now there is a Thunder speakes from Heauen to wake vs.

It is not
the numerous
multitude
of people
causeth
the plague

We flatter our selues, that the *Pestilence* serues but as a Broomie, to sweepe Kingdomes of people, when they grow rancke and too full: when the Trees of Cities are ouer-laden, then onely the Plague is sent to shake the Boughs, and for no cause else: As in *Turky* and *Barbary*; where when a mortality happens, they fall sometimes ten thousand in a day by the *Pestilence*. But wee that

are

A Rod for Run-awayes.

are Christians, and deale in the merchandise of our soules, haue other bookes of account to turne ouer, then to reckon that we dye in great numbers, onely because we are so populous, that we are ready (as the Fishes of the Sea) to eat vp one another.

Our eyes haue beene witnesses, that for two whole Reignes together of two most excellent Princes, and now at the beginning of a third (as excellent as they) we haue liued in all fulnesse: yet at the end of Queene *Elizabeths* foure and forty yeeres, when shee died, she went not alone, but had in a traine which followed her (in a dead march of a twelue-moneth long,) only within London and the Liberties, the numbers of 38244. those, who then dyed of the Plague, being 35578. the greatest totall in one weeke being 3385. of all diseases, and of the Plague 3035.

The number
that dyed
when Queene
Elizabeth
dyed.

Thus she went attended from her earthly Kingdome, to a more glorious one in Heauen, it being held fit in the vpper-House of the Celestiall Parliament, that so great a Princess should haue an Army of her subiects with her, agreeing to such a Maiestic. But what numbers God will muster vp to follow our Peace-maker (King *James* of blessed memorie) none knowes: by the beginning of this Pest which Death makes amongst the people, it is to bee feared, they shall be a greater multitude.

To Queene *Elizabeth* and to King *James*, we were an vnthankfull and murmuring Nation, and therefore God tooke them from vs; they were too good for vs; we too bad for them; and were therefore then, at the decease of the one, and now, of the other, are deservedly punished: our sins increasing with our yeeres, and like the Bells, neuer lying still.

Sinnes like
the Bell, neuer
lye still.
The Plague
dreadfull for
three causes.

We are punished with a Sicknesse, which is dreadfull three manner of wayes: in the generall spreading; in the quicknesse of the stroke; and in the terror which waits vpon it. It is generall: for the spotted wings of it couer all the face of the Kingdome. It is quicke: for it kills suddenly; it is full of terror, for the Father dares not come neere the infected Son, nor the Son come to take a blessing from the Father, lest he be poysoned by it: the Mother abhors to kisse her owne Children, or to touch the sides of her owne Husband: no friend in this battell will relieue his wounded friend, no brother shake his brother by the hand at a farewell.

This is something, yet this is nothing: many Physicians of our
B soules

Gods Tokens : or,

soules flie the Citie, and their sick Patients want those heavenly medicines which they are tyed to giue them, and those that stay by it, stand aloofe.

How the rich
are buried.

How the poore

The rich man, when he is dead, is followed by a troupe of Neighbours : a troupe of Neighbours, not a troupe of Mourners. But the poore man is hurried to his Graue by nasty and slouely Bearers, in the night, without followers, without friends, without rites of buriall commonly vsed in our Church, due to our Religion, to our Nation, to the Maiestie of our Kingdome ; nay, to the decencie of a Christian. O lamentable ! more honour is giuen to a poore Souldier dying in the field, more regard to many a Fellow, after he is cut downe from the Gallows.

Newes for
Run-awayes.

I need not write this to you, my fellow-Sufferers in London ; for you know this to be too true, you behold this, you bewaile this. But I send this newes to you, the great Masters of Riches, who haue forsaken your Habitations, left your disconsolate Mother (the City) in the midst of her sorrowes, in the height of her distresse, in the heauinesse of her lamentations. To you that are merry in your Country houses, and sit safe (as you thinke) from the Gun-shot of this Contagion, in your Orchards and pleasant Gardens ; into your hands doe I deliuer this sad Discourse, to put you in minde of our miseries, whom you haue left behind you. To you that are fled, and to you to whom they flye, let me tell you thus much, That there were neuer so many burials, yet neuer such little weeping. A teare is scarce to be taken off from the cheeke of a whole Familie (nay of a whole Parish :) for they that should shead them, are so accustomed, and so hardned to dismall accidents, that weeping is almost growne out of fashion. Why, saies a Mother, doe I showre teares downe for my Husband or Childe, when I, before to morrow morning, shall goe to them, and neuer haue occasion to weep any more ?

Much wayling
little weeping.

Thursday the
21. of Iuly.

Whilst I am setting these things downe, word is brought me, that this weeke haue departed 4855. in all, and of the Plague 4115. and that from the 2. of Iune to the 11. of August, haue dyed in all 23214. and of the Plague 14535. O dismall tidings ! O discom-
fortable Relation ! 23000. men would doe good seruice in defending a City : but when in 12 weeks so many thousands and more shall drop downe, of our great Armies, what poore handfuls will be left ?

To

A Rod for Run-awayes.

To see 23000. men together in Armour in a field, is a goodly sight: but if we should behold 23000. Coffins piled (in heapes) one vpon another, or 23000. Coarſes in winding ſheets, laid in ſome open place, one on the top of each other, what a ſight were this? Whoſe heart would not throb with horror at ſuch a frightfull obiect? What ſoule, but would wiſh to be out of her body, rather than to dwell one day in ſuch a Charnell houſe?

O London! (thou Mother of my life, Nurſe of my being) a hard-hearted ſonne might I be counted, if here I ſhould not diſſolue all into teares, to heare thee powring forth thy paſſionate conſolaments. Thy Rampiers and warlike piousion might haply keepe out an Enemy: but no Gates, none of thy Percuſſives; no nor all thy Inhabitants can beat backe the miſeries which come ruſhing in vpon thee. Who can chooſe but breake his heart with ſighings, to ſee thee (O London) the Grandame of Cities, ſit mourning in thy Widdowhood? Thy rich Children are run away from thee, and thy poore ones are left in ſorrow, in ſickneſſe, in penury, in vnpitied diſconſolations.

The moſt populous City of *Great Brittain* is almoſt deſolate; London and the Country repines to haue a Harueſt before her due ſeaſon, of Men, Women, and Children, who fill their Houſes, Stables, Fields and Barnes, with their inforced and vnwelcomed multitudes. Yet ſtill they flie from hence, and ſtill are they more and more feared and abhorred in the Country.

How many goodly ſtreets, full of beautifull and coſly houſes, haue now few people or none at all (ſometimes) walking in the one, and not ſo much as any liuing rationall creature abiding in the other? Infection hath ſhut vp, from the beginning of Iune, to the middle of Auguſt, almoſt (or rather altogether) foure thouſand doores. Foure thouſand Red-Croſſes haue frightened the Inhabitants in a very little time: but greater is their number who haue beene frightened, and fled out of the City at the ſetting vp of thoſe Croſſes.

For euery thouſand dead here, ſiue times as many are gotten hence: with them muſt I haue about; to them onely doe I now bend my Diſcourſe.

Gods Tokens: or, To the Run-awayes from London.

We may flye:
and, we may
not flye.

WE are warranted by holy Scriptures to flie from *Persecution*, from the *Plague*, and from the *Sword* that pursues vs: but you flie to saue your selues, and in that flight vndoe others.

In Gods Name flye, if you flye like Souldiers, not to discomfort the whole Army, but to retire, thereby to cut off the Enemy, which is, *Famine*, amongst the poore (your fellow Souldiers) and discomfort amongst your brethren and fellow-Citizens, who in the plaine field are left to abide the brunt of the day.

Fly, so you leaue behind you your Armour for others to weare (some pieces of your Money for others to spend) for others to defend themselves by.

Londoners
must not liue
vpon dead
pay.

Liue not (as Captaines doe in the Low-Countries) vpon dead pay; you liue by dead pay, if you suffer the poore to dye, for want of that meanes which you had went to giue them, for Christ Iesus sake, putting the Money vp into your fugitiue purses.

The poore
perish:

How shall the lame, and blinde, and halfe-starued be fed? They had wont to come to your Gates: Alas! they are barred against them: to your doores, (woe vnto misery!) you haue left no Key behinde you to open them: These must perish.

The Prisoners
pine:

Where shall the wretched prisoners haue their Baskets filled euery night and morning with your broken meat? These must pine and perish.

And (Run-
awayes) all is
long of you.

The distressed in *Ludgate*, the miserable soules in the Holes of the two *Counters*, the afflicted in the *Marshallseas*, the Cryers-out for bread in the *Kings Bench*, and *White Lyon*, how shali these be sustained? These must languish and dye. You are fled that are to feed them, and if they famish, their complaints will flye vp to heauen, and be exhibited in the open Court of God and Angels, against you. For, you be but Gods Almoners; and if you ride away, not giuing that siluer to the needy, which the King of Heauen and Earth puts into your hands to bestow as he inioynes you, you rob the poore, and their curse falls heauy where once it lights. This is not good, it is not charitable, it is not Christian-like.

In *London*, when Citizens (being chosen to be Aldermen) will not

A Rod for Run-awayes.

not hold, they pay Fines ; why are they not fined now, when such numbers will not hold, but giue them the slip euery day ?

It were a worthy act in the Lord Maior, and honourable Magistrates in this City, if, as in the Townes to which our Merchants, and rich Tradesmen flye, the Countrey-people stand there, with Halberds and Pitchforks to keepe them out ; so, our Constables and Officers, might stand with Bils to keep the rich in their owne houses (when they offer to goe away) vntill they leaue such a charitable piece of Money behinde them, towards the maintenance of the poore, which else must perish in their absence. They that depart hence, would then (no doubt) prosper the better ; they that stay, fare the better, and the generall City (nay the vniuersall Kingdom) prosper in blessings from Heauen, the better.

A new policy,
good for the
City.

To forsake *London*, as one worthy Citizen did, were noble ; it would deserue a Crowne of commendations : for he, being determined to retyre into the Countrey, sent for some of the better sort of his Neighbours, asked their good wils to leaue them, & because (the payson of Pestilence so hotly reigning) he knew not whether they and he should euer meet againe he therefore deliuered to their hands, in trust, (as faithfull Stewards) fourescore pounds to be distributed among the poore. I could name the Gentleman, and the Parish, but his charity loues no Trumpet. Was not this a rare example ? but I feare, not one amongst a thousand that goe after him, will follow him.

A Phoenix in
London.

But you are gone from vs, and we heartily pray, that God may goe along in all your companies. Your doores are shut vp, and your Shops shut vp ; all our great Schooles of learning (in *London*) are shut vp ; and would to Heauen, that, as our numbers (by your departing) are lessened, so our sinnes might be shut vp, and lessened too. But I feare it is otherwise : For all the Kings Inunction of Prayer and Fasting, yet on those very dayes (acceptable to God, were they truly kept, & comfortable to our soules) in some Churches you shall see empty Pewes, not filled as at first, not crowding, but sitting aloofe one from another, as if, whilst they cry, *Lord, haue mercy vpon vs*, the Plague were in the holy Temple amongst them. Where, if you looke into the Fields, looke into the Streets, looke into Tauerne, looke into Ale-houses ; they are all merry, all iocund ; no Plague frights them, no Prayers shut vp them, no Fast

Shops shut vp.
Schooles
shut vp.

Our sinnes
stand open.
A Festiuall
Fasting.

Gods Tokens : or,

eyes them to obedience. In the Fields they are (in the time of that diuine celebration) walking, talking, laughing, toying, and sporting together. In the Streets, blaspheming, telling, buying swearing. In Tavernes, and Ale-houses, drinking, roaring and surfetting: In these, and many other places. Gods Holy-day is their Worke-day; the Kings Fastiſg day, their day of Riot. I wash an Æthiope, who will neuer be the whiter for all this water I spend vpon him, and therefore let me saue any further labour.

No dallying
with a Deity.

And now to you, who to saue your houses from Red Croſſes, shift your poore seruants away to odde nookes in Gardens; O take heed what you doe; in warding off one blow, you receiue sometimes three or foure. I haue knowne some, who hauing had a Childe or Seruant dead, and full of the *T O K E N S*, it has beene no such matter, a little bribe to the Searchers, or the conniueſſe of Officers, or the priuate departure and cloſe buriall of such a party, hath hushed all; but within a day or two after, three, foure, or fiue haue in the ſame Houſe deceaſed, & then the badge of Gods anger hath beene worne by them, as openly as by other Neighbours.

God muſt
haue faire
play.

For, God will not haue his Strokes hidden: his marks muſt bee ſeene: He ſtrikes not one at once, (when he is vexed indeed) but many: one may be couered, many cannot. As his mercy will be exalted in our weekly Bills (when the totall ſummes fall) ſo will he haue his iuſtice and indignation exemplified, in the increaſing of thoſe Bills: and therefore let no man goe about to abate the number: His Arithmetick brookes no croſſing.

A wound well
cared for, is
halfe cured.

To arme you therefore with patience (in this great day of Battell, where ſo many thouſands fall) take a ſtrong heart, a ſtrong faith vnto you; receiue your wounds gladly, beare them conſtantly, be not aſhamed to carry them about you, conſidering vnder what Commander you receiue them, and that is, *The great Omnipotent Generall of Heauen.*

Angels are
Heauens Har-
bingers, and
appoint our
Lodgings.

Why ſhould any man, (nay how dare any man) preſume to eſcape this Rod of Peſtilence, when at his backe, before him, round about him, houſes are ſhut vp, Coarſes borne forth, and Coffins brought in? or what poore opinion, what madneſſe ſaſtneſh that man, who goes about to conceale it, when the ſmiting Angell goes from doore to doore, to diſcouer it? He makes choyce in what Roomes, and what Chambers ſuch a diſeaſe ſhall lye, ſuch a ſickeſſe be lodged in,

A Rod for Run-awayes.

in, and where Death must (as Gods Ambassadour) be entertained. There is no resisting this authority, such Pursuants as these cannot be bribed.

Stay therefore still where you are, (sicke or in health) and stand your ground: for whither will you flye? Into the Country? Alas! there you finde worse enemies then those of *Breda* had in *Spinola's* Campe. A Spaniard is not so hatefull to a Dutch man, as a Londoner to a Country man. In Terme-time a Sergeant cannot more fright a Gentleman going muffled by Chancery-lane end, than a Citizen frights one of your Lobcockes, though hee spies him five Acres off.

A Londoner,
a Bugbeare,

In middest of my former compassionate complaynings (ouer the misery of these times) let me a little quicken mine owne and your spirits, with telling you, how the rurall *Coridons* doe now beginne to vse our Run-awayes; neither doe I this out of an idle or vnde-cent merriment (for ielts are no fruit for this season) but onely to lay open what foolery, infidelity, inhumanity, nay, villany, irreligion, and distrust in God (with a defiance to his power) dwell in the bosomes of these vnmannerly Oasts in these our owne Netherlandish Dorpes.

A digression a
little merrily,
taxing the in-
civility of the
common peo-
ple.

When the *Brittaines* heere in *England* were opprest with *Picts* and *Scots*, they were glad to call in the *Saxons* to aid them, and beat away the other: The *Saxons* came and did so, but in the end, tasting the sweetnesse of the Land, the *Brittaines* were faine to get some other Nation to come and driue out the *Saxons*. So, the Country people, being of late inuaded by the *Picts*, (beaten with wants of Money to pay their rackt Rents to their greedy Land-Lords) with open armes, and well-comming throats, call'd to them, and receiued a pretty Army of our *Saxon*-Citizens; but now they perceiue they swarme; now they perceiue the Bels of *London* toll 40. miles off in their eares; now that Bils come down to them euery Weeke. that there dye so many thousands; they would with all their hearts call in very *Dani's* (if they were but a little better acquainted with them) to banish our briske *Londoners* out of their grassie Territories.

The old Brit-
taines opprest
by the Picts,
call in the
Saxons.
The Country
people, the
bold Brittaines;
want of Mo-
nies are the
Pictes, and
Londoners, the
Saxons, at first
called in, but
now they come
not if the De-
uill fetched
them.

And for that cause, they stand (within thirty or forty miles from *London*) at their Townes ends, forbidding any Horse, carry-
ing a *London* load on his backe, to passe that way, but to goe about

Overthrowne
horse and toor,

Gods Tokens : or,

The foolish
feare of the
Corydons,

An Essex Calfe
killed without
a Butcher.

Sparow-
blasting.

A Houndf-
ditch Broker
entertained
like a Brother.

This was a-
boue three-
score in the
hundred.

on paine of hauing his braines beaten out : and, if they spy but a foot-man (not hauing a Russet Sute on, their owne Country Li- uery) they cry, *Arme*, charge their Pike-Stauers, before hee comes neere the length of a Furlong ; and, stopping their Noses, make signes he must be gone, there is no roome for him to reuell in, let him packe. O you that are to trauell to your friends into the Countrey, take heede what Clothes you weare, for a man in black, is as terrible there to be looked vpon, as a Beadle in blue is (on Court-dayes at *Bridewell*) being called to whip a Whore-master for his Lechery. A treble Ruffe makes them looke as pale, as if, in a darke night, they should meete a Ghost in a white Sheet in the middle of a Church-yard. They are verily perswaded, no Plagues, no Botches, no Blaynes, nor Carbuncles can sticke vpon any of their innocent bodies, vnlesse a Londoner (be he neuer so fine, ne- uer so sound) brings it to them. A Bill printed, called, *The Red Crosse* ; or, *Englands Lord haue mercy vpon vs*, being read to a Far- mers Sonne in *Essex*, he fell into a swoound, and the Calfe had much adoe to be recovered. In a Towne not farre from *Barnet* (in *Hart- fordshire*) a Citizen and his Wife riding downe to see their Childe at Nurse, the doores were shut vpon them, the poore Childe was in the Cradle carried three Fields off, to shew it was liuing: the Mother tooke the Childe home, and the Nurses valiant Husband (being one of the Traind-Souldiers of the Country) set fire of the Cradle, and all the Clothes in it.

A Broker in *Houndes-ditch* hauing a Brother in *Hamshire*, whom he had not seene in fve yeeres, put good store of money in his Purse, and rode downe to visit his beloued Brother, being a Tanner ; to whose House when hee came, the Tanner clapped to his doores, and from an vpper wooden window (much like those in a Prison) comming to a Parlee, he out-faced the Broker to be no Brother of his, hee knew not his face, his fauour, his voice : such a Brother he once had, and if this were he, yet his Trade (in being a Broker) was enough to cut off the Kindred, his Clothes smelt of infection, his red Beard (for he hath one) was poyson to him ; and therefore, if hee would not depart to the place from whence hee came, he would either set his Dogges vpon him, or cause his Ser- uants to throw him into a Tan-Fat ; and if, quoth he, thou art any Brother of mine, bring a Certificate from some honest Brokers dwel.

A Rod for Run-awayes.

dwelling by thee (when the Plague is ceast) that thou art the man, and, it may be, mine eyes shall be then opened to behold thee: So farewell.---With a vengeance (replyed the Broker) and so came home, a little wiser then he went.

No further from *London* then *Pancridge*, two or three Londoners, on a Sunday (being the seuenteenth of this last past Iuly) walking to the Village there-by, called *Kentish-Towns*, and spying *Pancridge-Church* doores open (a Sermon being then preached) a company of Hobnaylor fellowes, with Staues, kept them out; and foure or five Hay-makers, (who out of their Countries came hither to get worke) offering likewise to goe in, to heare the Preacher, they were threatned by the worshipfull wisdome of the Parish, to be set in the Stockes, if they put but a foot within the Church-doors.

The wisdome
of Pancridge
Parish.

Hath not God therefore iust cause to be angry with this distrust, this infidelity of our Nation? How can we expect mercy from him, when we expresse such cruelty one towards another? When the Brother defies the Brother, what hope is there for a Londoner to receiue comfort from Strangers?

Who then would flye from his owne Nest, which he may command, to be lodged amongst Crowes and Rauens, that are ready to picke out our Eyes, if we offer to come amongst them? The braue Parlors, stately dining-Roomes, & rich Chambers to lye in, which many of our Citizens had here in *London*, are now turned to Hay-lofts, Apple-lofts, Hen-roosts, and Back-houses, no better then to keepe Hogges in: I doe not say in all places, but a number that are gone downe, and were lodged daintily heere, with themselves at home, (as complayning Letters testifie) but that the heat of Contagion frights them from returning, and it were a shame (they thinke) to come so soone backe to that City, from whence with such greedy desire, they were on the wings of feare hurried hence.

The world is
altered with
Londoners.

Flocke not therefore to those, who make more account of Dogs then of Christians. The smelling to your Iuory Boxes does not so much comfort your Nosthrils, as the Sent of your perfumed bravery stinks in the Noses (now) of Countrey-people. They loue your Money, but not your persons; yet loue not your money so well, but that if a Carrier brings it to them from *London*, they will not touch a penny of it, till it be twice or thrice washed in a Pale or two of water.

To wash money,
is against
the Statute.

C

But

Gods Tokens : or,

But leauing these Creatures to be tormented by their owne folly and ignorance; I will now shut vp my Discourse with that which is first promised in the Title-page of the Booke, and those are, *Gods Tokens, &c.*

Gods Tokens.

ANd now, O you Citizens of *London*, tremble at the repetition of these horrors which I here set downe: Neither are these warnings to you of *London* onely, but to you (who-euer you be) dwelling in the farthest parts of the Kingdome.

Burials still
passing.

Shall I tell you how many thousands haue beene borne on mens shoulders within the compasse of 12. or 13^e weekes? Bills sent vp and downe both Towne and Country, haue giuen you already too fearefull Informations.

Bells still going.

Shall I tell you, that the Bells call out night and day for more Burials, and haue them, yet are not satisfied? Euery street in *London* is too much frighted with these terrors.

Churchyards
still receiuing.

Shall I tell you, that Church-yards haue letten their ground to so many poore Tenants, that there is scarce roome left for any more to dwell there, they are so pestred? The Statute against Inmates cannot sue these: for hauing taken once possession, no Law can remoue them.

Graues still
gaping for
more.

Or shall I tell you, that in many Church-yards (for want of roome) they are compelled to dig Graues like little Cellers, piling vp forty or fifty in a Pit? And that in one place of buriall, the Matrocke and Shouell haue ventured so farre, that the very Common-shore breakes into these ghastly and gloomy Ware-houses, washing the bodies all ouer with foule water, because when they lay downe to rest, not one eye was so tender to wet the ground with a teare? No, I will not tell you of these things, but of These, which are true (as the other) and fuller of horror.

The horrors
of the time.

A woman and
her childe.

A woman (with a Child in her armes) passing thorow *Fleet-street*, was stricke sicke vpon a sudden; the Childe leaning to her cheeke, immediatly departed: the Mother perceiuing no such matter, but finding her owne heart wounded to the death, she sat downe

A Rod for Run-awayes.

downe neere to a shop where hot Waters were sold; the charitable woman of that shop, perceiuing by the poore wretches countenance how ill she was, ranne in all haste to fetch her some comfort; but before she could come, the Woman was quite dead: and so herchilde and she went louingly together to one Graue.

A Gentleman (knowne to many in this Towne) hauing spent A Souldier. his time in the Warres, and comming but lately ouer in health, and lusty state of body, going along the streets, fell suddenly downe and dyed, neuer vttering more words then these, *Lord, haue mercy vpon me.* Another dropped downe dead by *All-gate*, at the Bell-Tauerne doore.

A Flax-man in *Turnebull* street, being about to send his Wife to market, on a sudden felt a pricking in his arme, neere the place where once he had a sore, and vpon this, plucking vp his sleeue, he called to his Wife to stay; there was no neede to fetch any thing for him from Market: for, see (quoth he) I am marked: and so shewing Gods Tokens, dyed in a few minutes after. A Flax-man.

A lusty country fellow, that came to towne to get Haruest. A country fellow. worke, hauing sixteene or eighteene shillings in his Purse, fell sicke in some lodging he had, in *Old-street*; was in the night time thrust out of doores, and none else receiuing him, he lay vpon Straw, vnder *Suttons* Hospitall wall, neere the high way, and there miserably dyed.

A woman going along Barbican, in the moneth of Iuly, on a Wednesday, the first of the Dog-dayes, went not farre, but suddenly fell sicke, and sate downe; the gaping multitude perceiuing it, stood round about her, as farre off; she making signes for a little drinke, money was giuen by a stander by, to fetch her some: but the vncharitable Woman of the Ale-house denied to lend her Pot to any infected companion; the poore soule dyed suddenly: and yet, albeit all fled from her when she liued, yet being dead, some (like *Rauens*) seized vpon her body (hauing good clothes about her) stripped her, and buried her, none knowing what she was, or from whence she came. A woman in Barbican.

Let vs remoue out of Barbican, into one of the Churches in *Thames-street*, where a Gentleman passing by, who on a sudden felt himselfe exceeding ill. and spying a Sexton digging a Graue, stept to him, asked many strange questions of the fellow, touching Whofoeuer, in my Name, giues a cup of cold water, &c. Tis the Prey makes the Thiefe.

Gods Tokens: or,

Burials, and what he would take to make a Graue for him : but the Sexton amazed at it, and seeing (by his face) he was not well, perswaded him to get into some house, and to take something to doe him good. No (said he) helps me to a Minister : who comming to him, and conferring together about the state of his soule, he deliuered a summe of money to the Minister, to see him well buried, and gaue ten Shillings to the Sexton to make his Graue, and departed not till he dyed.

A Kentish
tale, but truer
then those of
Chaucers.

Now, suppose you are in *Kent*, where you shall see a young handsome Maide, in very good apparell, ready to goe into the Towne, to a Sister, which dwelt there : but then as you cast an eye on her (comming into the City) so behold a company of vnmercifull, heathenish, and churlish Townesmen, with Bils and Glaues, driuing her by force backe againe ; enter there she must not (it being feared she came from *London*) neither could her Sister be suffered to goe forth to her. Whereupon, all comfort being denyed her, she went into the open fields, there sickned, and there dyed. There the body lay two or three dayes, none daring to approach it ; till at the last, an old woman of *Kent*, stealing out of the Towne, ventured vpon the danger, rifled her Purse and Pockets, found good store of Money, stript her out of her apparell, which was very good, digged a homely Graue (with the best shift she could make) and there in the field buried her.

The Kentish Synagogue hearing of this, presently laid their heads together, and fearing lest the breath of an old woman might poison the whole Towne, pronounced the doome of euerlasting banishment vpon her. And so was she driuen from thence, with vpbraidings and hard language, and must neuer come to liue more amongst them.

Madnesse in
merriment.

It fell out better with a company of merry Companions, who went not aboue ten miles from *London* ; for they, getting with much adoe, into a country Victualing-house, were very iouiall, and full of sport, though not full of money. Beere and Ale they called for roundly, downe it went merrily, and the Cakes were as merrily broken. When the round O's began to increase to foure or six shillings, quoth one mad fellow amongst the rest, What will you say, my Masters, if I fetch you off from the Reckoning. and neuer pay a penny ? A braue Boy, cryed all the company, if thou canst doe

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doe this. Herenpon, the Oastesse being called vp for t^e other Pot: and whilest it was drinking, some speech being made of purpose, about the dangerous time, and the sicknesse, it fortun'd that the Tokens were named. Vpon which, the Woman wondring what kinde of things they were, and protesting she neuer saw any, nor knew what they were like; this daring companion (who vnder-tooke the shor) clapping his hand on his brest; How (quoth he) neuer saw any? Why then I feare, I can now shew you some about me; and with that, hastily vnbuttoning his Doublet, opened his bosome, which was full of little blue Markes, receiued by Haile-shot out of a Birding-piece through a mischance. At sight of these, his Comrades seemed to be stricke into a feare; but the innocent Oastesse was ready to drop downe dead. They offred to flye, and leaue him there. Shee fell on her knees, crying out, Shee was vndone. A reckoning then being call'd for, because they would be honest to the house; the poore woman cared for no reckoning, let them call for as much more (so they dranke it quickly) and there was not a penny to pay; prouided, that they would take the spotted man away with them. They did so, and being gotten some little distance from the house, the counterfeit sicke Companion danced and skipped vp and downe, to shew he was well: Shee cursing them for cheating Raskals, that so had gulled her. This was a trick of merriment: but few men, I thinke, would fill their bollics with drinke so gotten. It is not safe to kisse Lightning, mocke at Thunder, or dally with diuine Iudgements.

You in the Country, I know, haue itching eares, to listen after vs in the City, and we here, lye like spies to vnderstand how you doe there. The longings of both I haue in some sort (with a free-hand) feasted, and yet because none shall goe grudging away, here are some other dishes. (set vpon my table of Newes) to which you haue not beene inuited before. And thus are they serued vp.

An ancient mayd in London, had by her owne thrifty sparing, and from some of her friends, gotten together 150 pound. But being in this Battell of the Pestilence, stricken to the heart with an Arrow of death, she bequeathed this Money to one whom she was to marry: This man, in a short time after her death, fell sicke too, and at point of death gaue the same money to a Brother of his, who thought himselfe a braue fellow, in the possession of such a

Gods Tokens : or,

prize: But the Ball not being so to lye still, Death had another Bandy, and stricke him vnder line; hee sickned, and dyed too; but first gaue the hundred and fifty pounds to another Maide (a Sweet-heart of his) who immediately (to keepe the true dance) followed in death her beloued; and left this portion of Money to the Poore of the parish where she dyed. After so many distributing hands, it came at last to the right Almoner. This was current Money indeed.

We send this Carrier to you in the Country: and now comes one of yours (though few be suffered to come) with a Newes from you, which is this: A Citizen and his Wife, to flye the Contagion, went to *Rowell* (a Towne in *Northamptonshire*) but Gods arme, like a Girdle, going round about the world, found him out there, from whence it was set downe, that one of them should neuer depart aliue. The man dyed, and the sad wife is now in *London*: but vpon his death, note (and pity) the folly, fury, and infidelity of these Saluages (the Country-people.) All the Londoners, both in that Towne and places neere adioyning, were presently imprisoned in their dearely hired lodgings, the doores nayled vp, Padlockes hung vpon euery doore, and the innocent Malefactors of *Treynouant* (within immured) were not suffered (so much as lay in their guard of Goblins) to peepe out at their Loop-holes.

Will your eyes neuer be opened (O you *Curna in Terras Animæ, & Cælestium inanes!*) Albeit then (like Moales) you loue your owne Blindnesse, yet I hope your cares (though you stop your Noses at vs) are buttoned vp; and therefore let me tell to the world one thing more which we heare of you.

A Citizen, well mounted, neatly habited, and with thirty pounds in Gold in his Pockets (besides Siluer) riding into the Country for safety (as he thought) fell sicke in his Iourney, and spying Hay-makers, or other people at worke a farre off, he stricke thorow a by-Lane, to make towards them. In the Lane he met with an ancient Country-man (that was a Constable in the Towne) to him the Londoner complayned, that on the sudden he felt the finger of God vpon him (he was not well) told him he had Money enough about him, to buy any earthly comfort that might be brought him; intreated him, for Gods cause, to appoint him to any place where he might be relieved. This Constable, albeit fearefull, and keeping his

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his distance (his *Longé*, as Fencers teach) yet hauing more compassionate humanity then many of the rest, pointed either to a Barne or a Stack of Hay (the best Lodging the misery of the time and his pity, could there and then afford him) the Citizen offered any gold for a Cup of drinke. The Country-man said, Hee would fetch him some: And so stepping to the Hay-makers, told them what was hapned, and that if any one of them had a heart to venture, he might be well paid for his paines. One fellow, more daring then the rest of the Chickenly broode, went and fetched the sicke man (no good drinke) but faire water in his bottle, which he deliuered (fearefully) to him. He greedily (to coole his deadly and fatall thirst) dranke it, and thanked him. Instantly feeling life ready to betray it selfe to him that sought it (*Death*) he requested the Hay-maker not to come too neere him, for he was but a dead man; yet when he was dead, if hee would helpe him to a Graue, there was enough in his Purse to recompence the paines. He dyed, the fellow (after the Country way) buried him in his Clothes, but diuing into his Pockets, tooke out thirty Pieces, and store of white Money; with which in triumph, roaring to his Companions, and boasting what hee had done, they all (like tall Souldiers) threw downe their Weapons, and left the field. A charge being giuen him, neuer more to come neere the Towne; he, drawing out one handfull of gold, and another of siluer, cryed, A Pox of your towne and you, I haue enough to keepe me any where; I haue made Hay whilst my Sunne shined: and away he went.

The Bells euen now toll, and ring out in mine eares; so that here againe and againe I could terrifie you with sad Relations. Death walkes in euery street: How many step out of their Beds into their Coffins? And albeit no man at any time is assured of life; yet no man (within the memory of man) was euer so neere death as now: because he that breakes his Fast, is dead before Dinner; and many that dine, neuer eate Supper more.

How many euery day drop downe staggering (being struck with ^{Miserable} infection) in the open Streets? What numbers breathe their last ^{objects.} vpon Stalles? How many creepe into Entries, and Stables, and there dye? How many lye languishing in the common High-waies; and in the open Fields, on Pads of Straw, end their miserable liues, vnпитыed, vnrelieued, vknowne?

The

Gods Tokens : or,

The great God of mercy defend vs all from sudden death : and so defend you (the rich Run-awayes) at your comming backe to this desolate and forsaken Citie, that, as you fled hence to scape the Stroke of Contagion, you bring not, nor lay heauier strokes of mortality and misery vpon vs, when you returne to your Houses. It so fell out in the last great time of Pestilence, at the death of the Queene, and commingin of the King: The Weekes did rise in their numbers of dead, as the numbers of the liuing did increase, who then came flocking to Towne : As the fresh houses were filled with their old Owners, so new Graues were opened for the fresh commers.

Merry mornings
goe before
lad cue-
nings.

A heauy and sad weloome they had at home, after their peaceable being in the Countrey : and how could it happen otherwise ? They went out in haste, in hope to preuent death ; in iollity, to preserue life ; But when they came backe, then began their terrours, then their torments : The first foot they set out of their Country-Habitations, was to them a first step to their Graues : the neerer to *London*, the neerer to death. As condemned persons, going to execution, haue oftentimes good colour in their faces, cheerefull countenances, and manly lookes all the way that they are going : but the neerer they approach the place where they are to leaue the World, the greater are their feares, the paler they looke, the more their hearts tremble ; so did it fare with *Londons* in those dayes ; but wee that are heere, pray that you may speed better : that you may returne full of health, full of wealth, full of prosperity ; that your Houses may bee as Temples to you ; your Chambers as Sanctuaries ; that your Neighbours, Kindred, Friends, and acquaintance may giue you ioyfull and hearty welcomes ; that the City may not mourne then for your thronging in vpon it, as she lamented to behold you (in shoales) forsaking her in her tribulation ; but that God would be pleased to naye our sinnes vpon the Crosse of his Sonne Christ Iesus, restore vs to his mercy, render vs a Nation worthy of his infinite blessings, and plucking in his reuengefull Arme from striking vs downe continually into Graues, we all (abroad and at home, in Country and City) may meet and imbrace one another, and sing an *Aleluiah* to his Name.

FINIS.